

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2,00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

NO. 165.

QUARTERLY Court is now going on here. CIRCUIT COURT is going on in Nicholas county.

COAL is selling at ten cents delivered in the cellar at Maysville.

THE Maysville fair will be well represented by Bourbons to-day.

SINGER has commenced his new building opposite the post-office.

ALMOST everybody is in favor of free toll on the county turnpikes.

OUR city hasn't been as dull since the days of Adam, as it was yesterday.

DURING the fire Wednesday, the Chief of Fire Department was absent!

FLIES worried a fine mule to death in Christian County, Ky., last week.

W. H. INGELS & Co., have the largest stock of black goods ever brought to Paris.

CORN will be so scarce this fall that farmers will be compelled to poll their hogs.

THE Sunday School of Ellisville, Nicholas county, will have a picnic on the 29th inst.

RICHARD CONNELLY, aged 82 years, dropped dead at Carlisle, last Thursday, of heart disease.

JOE HEDGES has rented the Varden property, above the late residence of Mrs. Higgins.

Y that have tears, prepare to shed them now. Uncle Tom's Cabin Combination is coming!

If there's a stray old rooster in the Cynthia precinct, he can now afford to crow and wend his way home. Conference has adjourned.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are offering decided bargains in Black and Colored Velvets and Velveteens.

H. H. SHELTON, formerly of Carlisle, has lost three children by scarlet fever, at Oakdale, Tenn.

JAS. HUFF, of Carlisle, is organizing a telephone company from Carlisle to Maysville and Mt. Olivet.

A BURGLAR entered W. F. Spears' house and got a dollar from his pants pocket one night last week.

THE REV. W. B. Godby, of Carlisle, got robbed of \$15 at Stanford, by a newsboy, but recovered \$10 of it.

Two new cases of yellow fever were reported in the last twenty-four hours at the Pensacola Navy-yard.

JOHN MARSHALL, after a nine days' spree at Atlanta, killed his little girl, drank a vial of laudanum, and died.

GEORGE JUDY is having a one-story frame cottage erected on the lot adjoining the Christian Church parsonage.

THIS week is Ember week in the Catholic Church—consequently to-day and to-morrow are days of fasting and abstinence.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are selling Black Silks very cheap. Every yard guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

THE Chief of our Fire Department promises to resign. Let's not let him; he looks too cute on a dog cart flying away from a fire.

REV. GODBY is conducting what is called "The First Kentucky State Holiness Camp-Meeting," at Bethel Grove, Vicksburg, K. C. R. R.

PERSONS who kill partridges before the 15th of October are liable to be fined \$5 for each bird. The law should be rigidly enforced.

THE Colored Bible College of the Christian Church is to be located at Mt. Sterling, and Dr. Preston Taylor will be general solicitor for it.

DR. RAY wants to know where a fire goes to when it goes out? That's an easy one: it goes out to hunt the Chief of the Fire Department.

THE City of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not yet 100 days old, but it already choice lots are sold at \$2,000 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

MINNIE KESLER, a woman of loose character, succumbed about nine o'clock Monday morning, at Somerset, by firing a pistol down her throat.

ANOTHER cyclone struck John O'Brien's circus, at Barry, Illinois, and smashed things generally. One man was killed and fifteen wounded.

THOS. SADLER, freight agent of the K. C. at Maysville for many years, has been appointed ticket agent at Winchester for both the K. C. and C. & O. roads.

OUT of the 100 members elected to the House of Representatives one of them—Stuart, of Clark county—announces that he is not a candidate for Speaker.

MISS FLORENCE MITCHELL, of Midway, blew the gas out in a Louisville hotel, and was aroused from her sleep in an almost dying condition by the proprietor.

EX-GOVERNOR HICKENLOOPER, of Ohio, has sued Ex-Governor J. C. Underwood, of the Cincinnati News-Journal, for \$100,000 damages for a libelous publication.

PROF. A. M. GUTZEIT having withdrawn his services from the Bourbon Female College, is now prepared to put in all of his time in teaching music. See his card in this issue.

In an accident to an excursion train on the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern road, yesterday, Fireman Jake Powell was killed and Joseph Holts, a passenger, had a leg broken.

GEO. KELLEY, a Georgian, who has been at work in this county putting up wire fence, borrowed a mule from Lee Smith to ride to Lexington on business, and was arrested and falsely imprisoned by the police of that place, a day or two ago.

THE Enterprise Carriage Works burned at Cincinnati Wednesday morning. Loss \$30,000.

MR. GRANT MOORE, a tinsorial artist of the first water, from Lexington, has engaged his services to Henry Daum.

PAT FALLON won a suit in court yesterday of 80 cents, against John Deavers. The costs of the suit were several dollars.

Craft's *Enquirer* letter has convinced lots of good people here of his innocence. In fact, many have always held that he was innocent.

Now the fairs, Conferences and the races will all be over this week, we have nothing in the way of pleasurable events in the neighborhood to look forward to but the hanging of Craft.

A GAME chicken hen in Clark county laid a setting of eggs in the top of a sixty-foot red oak tree and hatched out ten chickens, which the owner of the hen now has, alive and chirping on terra firma.

The new crop of apple brandy has made its appearance in Morgan county, and the people can now afford to bid good-bye to the watermelon season, in consequence of their second heaven being ushered in on them.

JAS. McClure desires the *News* to publicly return thanks to the people, both white and black, who so kindly rendered assistance in saving his household goods from the flames of his burning building, Wednesday afternoon.

DR. M. DILLS and Wm. Kenney have bought the drug store of Fritts & Son, and will take possession the 1st of October. Dr. Dills will continue to practice his profession and will put a first-class pharmacist in the store.—[Carlisle *Mercury*].

J. H. McCall, who has been here for several years engaged in business at Blue Licks, has moved to Little Rock, Bourbon County, where he and Thos. Overby have opened a general store. Mr. Overby will reside in Paris.—[Carlisle *Mercury*].

We have it from good railroad authority, that the Paris passenger depot will certainly be moved to the Richmond Junction, in case certain farmers who are now kicking about the Winchester crossing present the road to the Grand Jury and fine the same for prosecuting their daily duty.

DR. McGINLEY, bus driver of this city, left yesterday for Mason County, to visit his brother who is at the point of death.

CAPT. R. S. Cheves has withdrawn from the Southern Herald, and will devote his whole time to lecturing on temperance.

Cincinnati never was so crowded with people as now. The races, exposition and fall shooting all being in season.

Jno. Sweeney, Judge Turney, Thos. Phillips and other noted turfmen of this city, are attending the Latonia races.

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The premium for the best boy riders at Maysville fair, were won by Thos. Goff, of Dover, and W. S. Wells, of Murphysville.

—Miss Lucy and May Colville and Bettie Neely, of Paris, are visiting at Mr. Samuel Colville's in this county.—[Carlisle *Mercury*].

The young men of Cynthiana presented the Rev. Mr. Henderson with a \$5 suit of clothes to wear on his new circuit—Maysville.

Col. M. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, has received telegrams from Latonia and the East saying that 200 horses from the former and from the latter would arrive at the Jockey Club grounds in a few days to take part in the coming race meeting.

A Woodford county farmer estimates that it costs \$7.50 to raise an acre of wheat, from plowing to threshing; \$7.50 to raise an acre of corn, and \$7.50 to raise an acre of potatoes. Eighteen bushels is to the acre, at \$1 per bushel, the wheat will net \$10.15; eight barrels of corn, at \$2 per barrel, will net \$8.85, and 150 bushels of potatoes, at twenty-five cents per bushel, will net \$23.50.

—The Ford brothers, Charles and Robert, noted as the slayers of the famous outlaw, Jesse James, appeared in a variety theater at Louisville, Tuesday night, but were received with derisive yells, which almost approached a riot when the scene of the killing of the bandit was enacted. The Fords were greatly dismayed at the demonstration, and say they have had enough of Kentucky audiences.

ELLIS CRAFT, the condemned man, had a two-and-a-half column letter in yesterday's *Cincinnati Enquirer*, in which he makes it very plausible that he is an innocent man, and says that inasmuch as he is to be hanged on Oct. 12th, he desires the presence of Jim Heflin, Abe Campbell, Jno. Russell, John Calender, Capt. Wise and Charles Countz, whom he alleges, with Geo. Ellis, swore his life away.

The doors of the Indiana female penitentiary swung open Thursday to release Nancy E. Clem, who was five times tried for the murder of Jacob and Nancy Young, and who was at last imprisoned for four years for perjury. She is now 35 years of age, gray and haggard. Her husband procured a divorce, last spring, which made her morose. Her son went to the prison and escorted her to his home in Indianapolis.

JAS. McClure's Residence Burned.

Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, the residence of Jas. McClure, in the eastern suburbs of this city, burned to the ground—his household and kitchen furniture all being saved. The Fire Department were promptly on the grounds, but the nearest cistern being so located that the red hose could not reach the fire by about fifty yards. The building cost about \$1,200, and was insured for \$600. This is the second misfortune that Mr. McClure has experienced by fire, and himself and family have the unbound sympathy of everybody.

—A Methodist preacher at Newark, New Jersey murdered his wife and attempted suicide, another has been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, for stealing \$3 worth of stamps, and a Baptist minister has been dismissed from a Georgia congregation for the attempted seduction of several young girls—all within a week.

—George Peck has dramatized "Peck's Bad Boy." It will be produced under the title of "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," in October. The Bad Boy's father dramatizes every time he goes out.

—Col. W. A. Hamilton and Miss Ida entertained Tuesday night at the residence of Gen. John S. Williams, Montgomery county, in honor of their guest Mr. Stuart, from White Sulphur, Va.

—Mrs. Jennie Kirby has gone to Seymour, Ind., for a two-weeks' recreation, after which she will return to her dress-making establishment with a full corps of hands and commerce business.

—C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, was a poor boy and a hard working man; he did not begin to accumulate his immense fortune until he was past forty, when he staked all his savings on the scheme of the Pacific Railroad.

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—Mrs. Hattie Hill writes a postal from Richmond, Ind., complaining that she does not get her *Bourbon News*, and that "she would not miss it for anything—it is as good as a dozen letters." She ought to ask her postmaster for it. It is sent regularly. Postmasters always lie to persons supposed to be transient citizens, and never look for their mail until they're dogged about it a dozen times. Mrs. Hill is requested to show the Richmond postmaster.

—DR. GUERRANT has had eight addtions to his meeting at Lair's.

—PROF. B. F. CABELL, of Cedar Bluff College, Warren county, has in his possession an Egyptian coin bearing the date of 1280, making it nearly six centuries old. The coin was presented to the Professor by Dr. Whittaker of the U. S. Navy. It is of copper and worn slick from its long friction with the world.—[Bowling Green *Gazette*].

SCINTILLATIONS.

—The *Falmouth Guide* has a cross-eyed, left-handed lady compositor.

—Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, is visiting in Boston.

—John B. Miller and wife left last week for their home in Washington City.

—A Jersey cow, for which the owner paid \$1,70, died recently in Shelby county.

—Lizzie S. came in for first honors Tuesday, at the Latonia races.

—A Lexington man bought 20,000 pounds of hemp recently in Clark county, at \$25, delivered.

—Maud S should keep her hazel eye on Jay-Eye-See. A horse that can trot in 2:02% needs watching.

—Frank Harper, of Woodford, has brought suit against several noted turfmen here, for season money to Longfellow.

—Either Cyclone or Alexander will down old Reville at Maysville to-day, and don't forget to keep your money in your pocket, for certain.

—New York sporting men are making up a purse of \$50,000 to be trotted for by Jay-Eye-See and St. Julien on September 29th, at New York.

—Two daughters of Newt Coons, near Union, Nicholas county, are lying low with typhoid fever.

—Senator Williams gets himself into the Philadelphia Times as a "handsome man with a curly wig."

—Miss Lucy Alexander, of Paris, is visiting Mrs. Sam Clay, east High street.—[Lexington *Transcript*].

—Milt Young of McGrathina Stock Farm, Fayette county, has had a daughter presented by his wife.

—W. A. Hill, Geo. D. Mitchell and Chas. Fothergill, leave to-day for Cincinnati, to take in the exposition.

—Col. Billy Breckinridge will address a reunion of the First Kentucky Cavalry, at Ashland fair, Oct. 4th.

—Cradock, Bob Smith and Bill Polk are billed for the judges in a baby show ring at the Ashland fair, Oct. 4th.

—A young lady of this city has spoken for the rope with which Craft is to be hanged as well as a jumping rope.

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—The jury in the case of Lewis Merine against the K. C. road for killing a cow at Millersburg, disagreed and were discharged.

—W. H. INGELS & Co., are selling all wool Cashmere, 40 inches wide for 50 cents cash.

—The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS : : : KENTUCKY.

THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, while the red painted roof in contrast is seen with the walls of decidedly billion green, and the shady verandas, all darkly completed, which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the massive and finely carved door; And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor, which you see as you enter the cottage that looks

Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the brilliant electric light, which plainly reveals to our curious sight The carvings upon the massive door, And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,

which you see as you enter the cottage that looks

Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the furniture, quaint and rare, with monogram carved on each stately chair, which is seen in the brilliant electric light, which also reveals to our curious sight The carvings upon the massive door, And the hall with its rich India rug on the floor,

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Like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the fire-place, famous for miles, with its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair.

These are the polished brass "dogs," which support the crackling beachwood logs, inclosed by the fire-place, famous for miles, For its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair.

Mr. Green tree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife, "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, eleven, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife, "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trousers and boots and baseballs and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Green tree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Arden made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elderly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any fair maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Green tree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Arden.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn until eve, warbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in his swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells; and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah! if Will had only made her his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Green tree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Green tree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Please come and hear it."

Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the dining-room through the opened window. Zerelda stood in the center of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheerfulness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so very bad. I have amused you both since I came here, haven't I? And I can go away at once if you wish me to go." And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Green tree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife.

"Then you are the girl that Will—" began the old man.

"That Will—" repeated the old lady.

"That Will—the same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Green tree, without another word, bounded from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face.

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt

Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—a very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbena scented silk handkerchief.

A few days after Will Green tree bade them "good-bye" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Green tree Cottage. And to Green tree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

"MY DEAR TAMASIN AND PHILANDER—You told me, when you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendless the better for the summer, should you have time to have her now, should you prove lovable and entertaining, adopting her as your own. She is a poor, orphaned, and miserably dressed, tolerably well educated, and unusually very clever; is an orphan, her grandmother, and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing to come to you now. And I am sure her companionship will add to your happiness, and help you to forget the disobedience of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, I have lost and lost my mother; that is, she married the other day."

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNLY."

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Army Punishments.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miserable fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe punishment.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "lock-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water, or else ordered to carry a log or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

One day down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water would soon collect of its own accord. Stooping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishing the boys. One thing he won't let 'em do—he won't let 'em get into trouble. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dipping all the time, or else stand in water up to his waist—and Jim isn't so mighty fond of water, either."—Harry Kieffer, in St. Nicholas.

Character of the Frontier Desperado.

Let me assure you my younger readers that there is nothing heroic in the "Billy the Kid" type on the frontier. The desperado is too lazy to work for a living. He is a thief and a cut-throat whenever he can ent a throat without fear. There are some brave men among them, to be sure, but their bravery arises from a consciousness of their matchless command of their weapons. They know perfectly well that they can shoot an ordinary man dead before his hand reaches his pistol. Often they have the triggers of their Colts 45 fired off and fire by snapping the hammer with the thumb, whirling the pistols in their hands and shooting as the weapon comes to a level. And they are dead shots, as they need to be. Yet the "bad men" who haunt the grogeries with their weapons ostentatiously displayed, who are given to shooting right and left when drunk, and, indeed, to discharging their "guns" at all times—these fellows will rarely take the chances in a fair, stand-up fight. They wait until they can "get the drop" on a man, or shoot him from behind on a dark night. Don't look for any signs of chivalry among them. They are the meanest of all mean brutes. It is well that the changes wrought in the West by the completion of the various railroads announce that their race is nearly run. But this is an unpleasant subject. I have known so much of this sort of thing, however, that I could not forbear to offset the curious belief among some young people in the East that the Western "bad man" is a more noble figure than the Boston burglar or wife beater. He isn't.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Improving a Style.

"I like to get some law-suits on a gang of young fellers," he replied, as the Chief of Police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I vhas shvindled und made some fools of. When I tinks it all ofer I am so madt dot I clean out my own saloon mit a grub."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?"

"Whell, I should remarks! I like to enter ofer forty complaints if I hav a chance."

"Make your statement."

"Whell, I keep a saloon on —— street. You may have seen dot some Aldermans come to my place und vhas treated shust like Princes?"

"Go on."

"It vies Saturday easenings; I vhas all alone. By and by some loafers come in, but they vhangs und noddings. Pooty queek I hav six or seven shust like him. Nopody vhangs no beer nor pool nor dominoes, und I vhas madt."

"I am following you."

"Whell, by and by I asks if dot crowd expects me to pay rent mit such customers, und one loafer he says: 'Whell, vno doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me der new game vhas for all der gang to take a drink, und den I vhas to call in der dog, from der back yard. Whichever loafer dot dog shmells of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It vhas, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I vhas tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it vhas shust like der new game after der dog."

"And he didn't smell of any of them?"

"No! But why? Because, while I vhas gone after him all dose loafers shup aylike like grease! If dot vhas der New York und Boston vay I vhas a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the Chief.

"Can't I get some law-suits?"

"No."

"Can't I hav some loafers sent mit der work house?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such shvindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them."

"Now I vhas madt like a wet hen!" exclaimed the ealler, as he rose up. "I tell you somethings, and dean' you forgot all about it! I keep my dog pehind der bar! By to-morrow some loafer come in und vhangs to sell beer by der New York und Boston vay. I improve on it mit some Detroit style of practical pharmacy.—Chicago Times."

"After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming: "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"—Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

"A negro at Augusta, Ga., catches fish by diving."

The Lord Chief Justice.

The visit of the Lord Chief Justice of England to the United States, accompanied, as is probable, by some of his more distinguished professional brethren, promises to be an event of unusual interest in legal annals. This will not be the first occasion on which a Judge of his distinction has left England to take part in the proceedings of a congress of lawyers of a foreign State; but Lord Coleridge will be the first Lord Chief Justice who has ever braved the terrors of the Atlantic passage.

Like many another great office, and hereditary distinction in England, that of Lord Chief Justice may be traced back to William the Conqueror,

